

And All The Time Between

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And All The Time Between

Title: And All The Time Between (final in the 'Time' trilogy)

Author: Persnef

Disclaimer: ::sigh:: not mine.

Distribution: do the faith thing (want take have)

Rating: PG

Spoilers: the evil, evil M/I thing

Feedback: I'll give you a cookie. Or one of Cotti's zebras (j/k pet. You know I'd never do that to you)

To kylia. Welcome back, pet. It's not like we missed you or anything. We had fun without you.

22/4/00

*** And All The Time Between

Silence.

Silence broken only by the sobbing of a lonely, sad little alien boy. A weak, depressed, alien almost-adult. A broken human teenager. He was all of these things and none of these things.

And nothing could change the fact that the girl he loved would hate him for as long as he lived.

Michael Guerin knew, without a doubt, that his day, his week,

possibly his whole entire existence, could not get worse if he tried to make it so.

Because he'd just found out that his sister was pregnant. By him.

But he was strong. He would move on. He would survive.

He would leave.

Maria looked coldly at her best friend.

Her best friend, who she trusted more than anyone else. Up until yesterday, that wouldn't have been true. But that was until she found out about Michael and Isabelle, and their freakish Czechoslovakian dreaming thing.

"Nothing is wrong, Liz. Just leave me alone."

Fortunately, it was the end of Maria's shift at the Crashdown, and she could punctuate that statement with her departure. Which was fortunate for Maria, because she really needed to think.

Maria had a problem. Just a minor one, no biggie. It didn't stop her from thinking about anything else. It wasn't making her clumsier than usual. It wasn't making it difficult for her to concentrate. It wasn't making it difficult to breathe. It wasn't making it difficult for her to survive.

She was possessed by Michael Guerin.

Michael Guerin was a stonewall. He was a fucked-up stonewall with no-one to turn to, no-one who could help him, and no-one who could understand.

He was a stonewall with a problem.

It was vaguely simple. He was a being not of this earth, who was having dreams of his sister and, through those dreams, had impregnated her. This, perhaps, with a bit of thought, a bit of solitude, and a lot of violence, he could have dealt with. But something unexpected had happened.

He'd stopped dreaming of her.

This also, he could have dealt with. He could have dealt with it as being one of those Czechoslovakian things, maybe where, because she was pregnant, he stopped having dreams with her.

But there was something else. The thing that had tipped him over the edge, and convinced him that he was a freak.

Those dreams had been replaced by dreams of Maria.

And not just his dreams. His every waking moment was consumed with thoughts of her, and not just idle pondering either. He was having

daydreams of what she was doing, of what she was thinking, as if he were right there next to her.

Which was, funnily enough, exactly where he wanted to be.

The dreams she'd been having, she could have written off as pathetic on her part. Pining away for the cheating boyfriend.

Except....

She didn't believe that he'd been cheating. She actually believed what Liz had told her. Whether that made her a fool or not was still up for debate.

And yet....

She couldn't deny the feelings that she was getting. That Michael and Isabelle were meant to be, yes, she got those feelings. But she also got other feelings.

Feelings like Michael belonged with her, rather than Isabelle.

Those were the feelings that she hoped were true.

She wasn't pregnant.

She wasn't pregnant.

She wasn't pregnant.

The words ran through his head like a joyous mantra.

One of his problems was no longer an issue.

Well, no, that was a lie.

Two of his problems were no longer issues.

He felt guilty. He was far more relieved that Isabelle wasn't pregnant, rather than the relief that he should be feeling at the loss of the other. But he had forgotten about the dreams, when they had been replaced.

He was still leaving town, of that he was sure. His being in town was still a problem for everyone, whether they knew it or not. But at least now, he knew that he wouldn't be leaving a pregnant Isabelle behind. Now he wouldn't be feeling guilt at deserting her. He wouldn't be feeling anger at forsaking her.

He wouldn't be feeling disgust for a child that was hers, and not Maria's.

Maria felt giddy.

Of course she felt bad, that went without saying. Isabelle wasn't pregnant, but had started thinking the thoughts of a pregnant woman. So Isabelle was devastated. And Maria felt a little guilty, like maybe she had thought the child out of existence.

But that didn't change the fact that Maria was giddy.

She was giddy because there was this child. And this child was not one conceived by love and desire and lust and pain and hate and passion. It was a child conceived by destiny.

And the child was dead.

So maybe her child, of love and desire and lust and pain and hate and passion, would have a chance of being more than just an idea in her head.

Maybe it could become her reality.

With Michael.

He was so used to running away, so used to the idea of not being attached, that it had come as a shock to him to realise that the main reason why he hated Isabelle's child was because it was not Maria's.

But since he had realised it, he had come to the conclusion that if it were Maria who were pregnant, then he would stay. He wouldn't leave town, he would stay, with her, and take care of her, and their child, and never leave her.

But as much as he wanted that, he knew it would never be.

Because whilst he was dreaming of her, she was probably having nightmares of him.

Or dreams where she chopped off his head.

The Gods only knew that he deserved it.

It was unnatural.

Isabelle wasn't pregnant.

Michael and Isabelle had stopped having dreams of each other.

Liz and Max were back to mooning over each other.

And she was still possessed by Michael.

She knew, she could tell exactly, what Michael was thinking.

And the bastard was trying to leave her again.

Michael opened the door to his apartment, and was greeted by the diminutive form of Maria Deluca, poking him in the chest.

"You're not going anywhere, buddy," she said, pushing him back into his apartment, although the words weren't really necessary.

He looked down at her, and she looked up at him.

They had been avoiding each other for an entire week, and the time apart had been physically painful.

And now that they were close, nothing else seemed to matter.

All the anger fled from Maria, and she started crying. Michael drew her into his arms and wrapped them around her.

"I missed you" she sobbed "and it hurt to be away from you." She looked up at him and glared. "Why can't I get you out of my mind?" she whispered.

Michael wiped the tears from her eyes.

"I don't know" he said.

She could feel his confusion.

"I don't want this" she said.

He could feel the lie.

I'm in love with you.

I want you.

I need you.

Don't leave me.

They started thinking simultaneously. They didn't know why, or how, or what would come of it.

The only important thing was that it had happened, and was so strong, it had killed Isabelle's baby.

Of that they had no doubt.

End

There's no more! I'm refusing to adulterate my trilogy! I know why it all happened, and that's enough for me.

But if you're really, *really* good (and we're talking dozens of feedback here, possums) then I'll consider a sequel trilogy or something. And to think - this started off as a one part fic.

End
file.